IL CONVITO AMOROSO!

Or, a Serio-comico-philoſophical

L E C T U R E,

ON THE

Cauſes, Nature, and Effects of Love and Beauty,

At the different Periods of Human Life, in Perſons and Perſonages, Male, Female, and Demi-Charactère;

And in Praiſe of the Genial and Prolific Influences of the

CELESTIAL BED!

As Delivered by HEBE VESTINA!

The Roſy Goddeſs of Youth and of Health!

FROM THE

Electrical Throne! in the Great Apollo-Chamber,

At the TEMPLE of HYMEN, in LONDON,

Before a GLOWING and Brilliant Audience of near Three Hundred Ladies and Gentlemen, who were commanded by VENUS, CUPID, and HYMEN! to aſſiſt, in joyous Aſſembly, at the GRAND FEAST of very FAT THINGS, which was held at their TEMPLE, on MONDAY Evening, the 25th of NOVEMBER, 1782; but which was interrupted by the rude and unexpected Arrival of his Worſhip, MIDAS NEUTERSEX, Eſq; and his Bum-Poſſe, juſt as the Deſſert was about to be ſerved up.

Publiſhed at the earneſt Deſire of many of the Company, and to gratify the impatient and very intenſe Longings of Thouſands of Adepts, Hibernian and Britiſh;—of the Cognoſcenti;—et de les Amateurs ardens des *delices exquiſe* de Venus!

To which is ſubjoined, a Deſcription of the ſtupendous Nature and Effects of the Celebrated

CELESTIAL BED!

Bravo! HEBE!—*Braviſſimo!* VESTINA!—*Fat,—Fat,—*

MORE FAT!!!*

* Alluding to the Plaudits and Exclamations of the Gueſts at this Cyprian Feaſt.

SECOND EDITION.

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M DCC LXXXII.

[PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

VESTINA'S PREFACE,

Addreſſed to the *Readers* of her *Lecture*.

Ladies and Gentlemen!

WHILST I was employed during nine whole days, in the pleaſing but inflammatory buſineſs of obſerving and regiſtering the caperings, rencounters, and other curious effects produced by the vivid ſtimulations of the electrical Fire, combined with Magnetic Effluvia, Ætherial Eſſences, Aromatic Odours, and other balmy——invigorating Influences, (of which I have the Direction, and over which I have the honor to preſide) on Pigeons, Cocks, Capons, Goats, Sparrows, and Turtle-doves, (the reſult of thoſe curious experiments I may hereafter favor the world with) I took up a little old Book, from among ſome others, which Chance, or the Junior Prieſt of the Temple had thrown in my way. In this little Book the anonymous Author treated on the nature and effects of Love, but in ſo whimſical and unſatisfactory a way,

a way, that I was tempted to ſcribble a kind of ludicrous—philoſophic—Parody upon it, to play as it were on the ſame harp, and to digeſt and commit to writing, my own Theory of Love; or, if you pleaſe, my new Philoſophy of the Univerſal Paſſion! I did ſo: and on ſubmitting my Manuſcript to the inſpection and corrections of the High Prieſt of the Temple, he threw the whole into the form of an Oration or Lecture, and immediately called a Council of the other Prieſts and Veſtals, in which it was determined to diſpatch Gog, Magog, Cupid, Venus, and Priapus! to invite the Votaries of Love, Luſt, Beauty, Purity, and Pleaſure to our Temple! and that I ſhould publicly deliver it from the Electrical Throne! under the Auſpices of Hymen! and under the full Influences of the wonder-working Celeſtial Fire!

VESTINA 3tia.

Done at the Hymeneal Temple, in London, the 5th Day of December, in the Year of our Lord 1782,—and in the Second Year of our Promotion to the Sacred—Myſterious Function!

VESTINA'S

LECTURE,

ON THE

NATURE *and* EFFECTS *of* LOVE, BEAUTY, *&c.*

GENTLEMEN!

NATURE, ever ſupremely wiſe,—ever anxiouſly attentive to her own preſervation, by the reproduction of every thing in the univerſe,—hath implanted,—hath intimately interwoven with every fibre, and with every particle of matter of which animal bodies are compoſed, certain principles which ſtimulate them, with an abſolute—with a ſweetly irreſiſtible force, to produce, and conſequently to

perpetuate their kind :——and ſo very powerfully does this principle or propenſity operate in the human ſpecies, that it frequently gains the aſcendancy over their boaſted reaſon,—and ſometimes overcomes even the love of life itſelf.——What this deeply rooted principle,—this ſweet irreſiſtibly impelling force is,—how it operates,—the effects it produces, and how it may in any degree be ſubjected to the controul of reaſon, ſhall this evening, be the very intereſting,—the ſupremely delightful ſubjects of entertainment to our already glowing imaginations ! ———

Among the various affinities, and elective attractions of bodies ; and among the numberleſs and very wonderful attractions, repulſions, ſympathies, and antipathies which we obſerve in the various bodies and principles which compoſe the great circle of nature,

ture, LOVE! or that unſurmountable inclination the ſexes have for each other, and which compels them to give themſelves, what I may call, *temporal immortality*, may juſtly be looked upon as the very maſter-piece of that divine wiſdom which is manifeſted in the conſtruction and œconomy of the whole viſible creation!——and it is this paſſion,—this impulſe,—this inſtinct,—this charming, inexpreſſible ſomewhat, which I undertake to explain, and to aſſign the true, philoſophical, nay, demonſtrable cauſes of.

My theory, Gentlemen! you will find entirely new, and, I truſt, perfectly rational and ſatisfactory: but, as no new hypotheſis can be built on any other foundation than on the ruins of ſome other ſyſtem, I ſhall begin with a very ſlight review of the opinions of the moſt celebrated of thoſe Philoſo-

phers who have treated on this ſubject, which I ſhall ſet in ſuch clear and true lights, as ſtrikingly to expoſe their abſurdity.

But, as I demoliſh thoſe whimſical and Gothic ſtructures, only with a view of building an elegant and ſubſtantial modern edifice; when I have exploded thoſe ſyſtems, I will lay the foundation of my own, which ſhall be on the notion of the actual exiſtence of an inviſible magnetico-electrical fire or effluvium, conſtantly circulating in, and exhaling from human bodies. Now this ſubtile vivifying principle, I hold to ſubſiſt in a greater or ſmaller quantity, and in a more or leſs active ſtate, in every human body, from the firſt moment of its exiſtence, to the laſt moment of its life.

Accord-

According to my Hypotheſis, I hold that before a certain age, (I mean that of puberty) this magnetico-electrical effluvium is in its negative or minus ſtate, but tending inceſſantly to a certain point of maturity or perfection, which we call puberty; at that critical time it has attained to its plus, poſitive, or active ſtate; and from that period, (tho' it continues for many years active and vigorous) yet inſenſibly declining, (for nothing in nature ſtands ſtill, even for a moment) and continually ſtriving or panting, more or leſs ardently, towards its own re-creation or renovation; ——or, in other words, violently ſtimulating or inciting us to co-operate with the great eternally fixt, and univerſal law of nature, by producing, propelling, or as it were, *puſhing forward*, new generations in the great incomprehenſible circle of exiſtence.

Thus,

Thus much, Gentlemen! and at this early ſtage of the Lecture, I have thought neceſſary to hint concerning my new Theory,—of the grand animating principle,—the all-mighty agent!—which, hereafter, as I advance in my curious and very intereſting enquiry, I may call, indifferently,—the magnetico-electrical fire or effluvium,—the pabulum of pleaſure,—the eſſence of ages,—and, the liquor of life.

To attempt to analyſe, ſo as to demonſtrate to our clumſy ſenſes,—this vital principle!—this ſubtile matter!—the magnetico-electrical effluvium!—which I ſhall have the honour of convincing you, Gentlemen, is the *real*, the EVER-LIVING cauſe of what we call LOVE!—or to adopt the words of the Prince of our Britiſh Poets,—of that,

Which thro' *certain ſtrainers* well refin'd,
Is gentle Love, and charms all womankind.

I ſay

I ſay, Gentlemen, to analyſe this wonderful principle, ſo as to render it demonſtrable, would be as vain and impoſſible, as to give a fixt, ſpecific, and intelligible definition of the paſſion itſelf to thoſe who have never *felt it in full delirium.* No.—Love muſt be FELT;—it cannot be by words *feelingly* defined. It is too delicate,—too exquiſite,—too divine a power to be ſubject to groſſer demonſtrations. How cold and vain would it be for me to ſay, that Love is a certain affection of the ſoul and body, which impels them to unite themſelves to,—nay, *to devour and aſſimilate to their inmoſt parts*, an object of the ſame ſpecies, which appears ſweet, fit, and beautiful to them. But, how very inſufficient is this cold definition, to expreſs what paſſes within us, when Love! that ſweet enthuſiaſm, that almighty power,—whom Gods! and all mankind obey!—hath taken poſſeſſion of our ſouls.

ſouls. No.—Perſons of lively ſenſibilities of body and ſoul, who actually have been in love, muſt have perfect ideas of it;—and to thoſe whoſe experience can ſuggeſt nothing on the ſubject, to what purpoſe could I ſpeak?

To ſuch Beings! if any ſuch exiſt! logical definitions, and even demonſtration itſelf, would be as unintelligible as paſſion;—they muſt be as incapable of reaſoning, as inſenſible of Love. All our knowledge in that elegant,—in that noble,—in that charming paſſion! muſt be the reſult of experience, and of an organization of our whole frame, happy,—free,—open,—vivid,—and vibratory!——Thoſe tender intereſting impreſſions,—thoſe ſoft melting ebullitions of the heart,—thoſe ſweet inquietudes,—thoſe reſtleſs—eager—tranſporting faſcinations of the ſoul!——can never—never be expreſſed. No.—Nature! ever young,

young,—ſmiling liberty, and ardent-trembling ſenſibility! are the choſen handmaids of Love!—the great Teachers of true pleaſure!—who in the ears of her favorite votaries are continually exclaiming with the great POPE:

O! happy ſtate! where ſouls each other draw,
Where Love is liberty, and Nature law;
All then is full, poſſeſſing and poſſeſs'd,
No craving void left aching in the—*Breaſt:*
Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the lips it part,
And each *warm* wiſh ſprings mutual from the—*Heart.*

But, Gentlemen! it was not my deſign to give a deſcription of Love: No.—I mean only to enquire into its origin.—Nature has taken care that the paſſion itſelf ſhould be pretty well known, and pretty univerſally felt;—tho' the cauſes that produce it, have hitherto been wrapt in obſcurity. But, thanks to God! that the ſun of ſcience now

riſes high in our intellectual hemiſphere !—it mounts faſt towards its meridian altitude !—the buds of ſcience are opened !—the flowers expand !—the fruits appear !—new WORLDS are diſcovered !—and it was reſerved for the Genius of the Britiſh Hymeneal Temple to explain, elucidate, and to render perfectly demonſtrable the latent cauſes of this admirable paſſion !—this band of the univerſe !—this ſweetly abſolute miſtreſs !—this deſpotic ſovereign of the human race !———

If the true cauſe of that which we call luſt, love, inclination, ſympathetic affection, or whatever other name we may expreſs it by, has not ſooner been diſcovered, or more ſatisfactorily explained, it ought by no means to be attributed to neglect. Many have attempted this important diſcovery,——this curious and moſt intereſting de-

monſtration, but with how ſmall a degree of ſucceſs, I will leave this learned and polite audience to determine.

There has always been, and there always will be, a conſiderable number of maddening romantic lovers, tranſported with the fury of enthuſiaſm, and agitated with boiling blood, who, when once poſſeſſed of the affections and of the perſon of a fine woman, give themſelves up to the enjoyment of the *delicious feaſt*, as they call it, without taking any ſort of trouble to enquire into the cauſes which have produced this paſſion of love in their own, or in their beloved's breaſt. On the other hand, there are, 'tis ſaid, men of a quite *contrary caſt*, men, I mean, who, from a natural frigidity of conſtitution, (or from certain early unnatural practices) never think at all about the mat-

ter,—nay, who are incapable of *penetrating, or of diving deep into any thing*; —and who conſider the ladies as only beautiful figures placed in the world by way of ornament,—or as delightful flowers, formed merely to variegate and enrich the colouring of the univerſe!——Of thoſe pitiable wretches, who in the genial ſeaſon, let pleaſure ſlip thro' their fingers, I will not deſcend to ſpeak:——nor dwell even for a moment on thoſe airy frivolous voluptuaries, who eſteem women as agreeable nonſenſical toys, *pour paſſer le temps*, ——nor yet on thoſe dull men,—— thoſe ſour fellows, who harbour the degrading idea, of women being only intended for the procreation, and neceſſary continuation of the human ſpecies:——No. But we will go on to remark, that there have been lovers of a ſlow,—ſpeculating,—preaching caſt, in all ages, and in every country, *unleſs*

leſs I except your Hibernian heroes, who do not, it ſeems, prate over their work, when they have buſineſs before them; there are, I ſay, men of that ſlow, ſpeculative, preaching turn, who, no ſooner feel their heart agitated, and their breaſt inflamed by this genial fire, than they ſet about making an analyſis of it, examining its nature and cauſes, and vainly attempting to diſcover its ſource, and to controul its force.

The ſubject of love, therefore, has employed the attention, and furniſhed ample matter of diſquiſition to the philoſophical and learned world in all ages, and in moſt countries; but, as it hath been a maxim among philoſophers, that two ſhould never think alike, they have all broached new hypotheſes, and invented different ſyſtems, new fables have been built on old fables, and, in a word, all have been noto-

notoriouſly, and laughably miſtaken in their own way.

Before, I proceed, Gentlemen! to a full and brilliant explanation of my new ſyſtem of love, founded, as I have already hinted, on the actual exiſtence of a magnetico-electrical fire or effluvium, emaning continually from human bodies,——it will be equally curious and neceſſary for me to take a ſhort review of thoſe ſyſtems or opinions, which have hitherto obtained; ——confining myſelf however, to the conſideration of thoſe that have been moſt univerſally received, and as have made moſt noiſe in the world.

According to the great Plato, then, Gentlemen! a deep and lively repreſentation of the BEAUTIFUL, occupies a principal place among all the ideas which are innate, or originally implanted,

implanted, or impreſſed on the human ſoul. The image, for example, of a handſome, deſirable man, is, by the God of nature impreſſed on a woman's ſoul; and the image of a beautiful, lovely woman, is impreſſed, in a more or leſs lively manner, on the ſoul of every man.

According to Plato, therefore, and his diſciples, the paſſion of love is produced in the following manner; A perſon is preſented to our ſight, the image of this perſon having paſſed thro' the organs of viſion, offers itſelf to the ſoul; the ſoul having ſaluted it, (for the human ſoul was originally very ſociable and polite) contemplates it, examines it, and in a moment, yes, with inconceivable facility, compares it with thoſe ideas of beauty, which it received from the Deity, at its original infuſion into the body. If this exter-

nal

nal image proves courteous, and reſembles the internal infuſed image, the ſoul of the beholder is immediately ſeized with the love of it, and this reſemblance is the ſecret or occult cauſe of the paſſion of Love. But, if the image of the external object, ſhould differ from our internal impreſſions or perceptions of beauty,——this want of relation,—this diſſonance, offends the ſoul more or leſs, and produces averſion, hatred, or indifference.

But to illuſtrate this ſyſtem of Plato's more familiarly. Suppoſe that a Lady very highly celebrated for beauty and elegance, but wiſe enough not to ſhew herſelf too often, too openly, nor too many of her charms, was expected every moment in an aſſembly-room, or, if you pleaſe, in this room. Her arrival at length is announced. The attention of every perſon preſent is excited.

cited. The hearts of the Gentlemen beat. Their imaginations throb. Their blood boils!——and every one in an inſtant recalls to his imagination, in a more or leſs lively manner, according to his age, conſtitution, or complexion, that model or impreſſion of the beautiful which he received at his creation.———The doors are now thrown open. The Lady glides into the room. Smiling with ineffable grace and ſweetneſs, ſhe ſalutes the company, and handed by the politeſt Gentleman in the room, ſhe bounds ſweetly and lightly on that electrical Throne. See! her SOUL in ſerene majeſty ſits on her lovely countenance, with a complexion painted by the maſterly, by the animating hand of nature!——alternately her ſoul ſmiles in her eyes, in gentle ſalutations to the company,—or ſports on her lips, breathing that melifluous —— that milky—— that CELESTIAL

SWEETNESS, with which a certain favorite dove-like Actreſs, charms and bewitches an admiring world.

The whole company eagerly and attentively conſider her, and each compares her to this innate model of the beautiful within them. The Lecture being concluded, (for ſhe is too polite, too angelical, to leave us ſooner) ſhe riſes: ſhe ſmiles: and every feature of her lovely countenance, burſting as it were, and overflowing with milky goodneſs, and with celeſtial gratulations, ſhe retires. Well!—What impreſſion has ſhe made on the Audience!—Why, ſhe has, as it were, bewitched and tranſported ſome; charmed and delighted others; pleaſed a third claſs; diſpleaſed a fourth; and made no impreſſion at all on many. What can be the reaſon of all this?—Why, according to Plato, the Ladies' image appeared to

ſome

ſome perſons in the room, perfectly conformable to the portrait of Beauty, harmony, and lovelineſs, delineated on their ſouls at their creation, by the finger of Omnipotence itſelf!—the Lady therefore pleaſed, delighted, charmed them. Her image appeared otherwiſe, or quite different to others of the company,——they, conſequently, diſliked her: and the reaſon why ſhe appeared indifferent to the reſt of the company is, becauſe the reſemblance of the images is not conſiderable enough to produce love or inclination; and the difference is too inconſiderable to produce averſion; indifference therefore in them, was the conſequence.

When any object therefore in nature appears beautiful to us, 'tis becauſe its image, which is communicated to our ſoul by the channel of the ſenſes, proves ſweetly conformable to that

which is painted, or impreſſed on our imagination; and this conformity or fitneſs, produces Love.

But, Gentlemen, it is obvious at firſt ſight, that this ſyſtem of the Platoniſts is liable to many objections. Every body will allow, that it is poſſible, at different periods of our life, to love ſeveral different perſons, and even perſons of the moſt oppoſite figures and diſpoſitions. If this be granted, I would aſk, how ſo many different perſons, ſo very unlike each other, can all bear a cordial, exact, and ſtriking likeneſs, to the innate or infuſed image of the beautiful in him who loves them?——

The amours of Plato himſelf, if we may believe ſome hiſtorians, furniſh us with proofs of the poſſibility of loving, not only very different perſons at different periods of our life,—but even of loving

loving ſeveral different perſons at the ſame time. And here, Gentlemen! by the way we may obſerve, how aſtoniſhing the caprices of love are!—for it is well known that the divine Plato, in the midſt of the charming and brilliant ſociety which ſurrounded him, and among the beauties he loved, and was beloved by, became deſperately enamoured, it ſeems of a toothleſs old woman.——Now it cannot be denied, but that it is as natural for a philoſopher to be in love, and to be as exquiſitely ſuſceptible of that paſſion as any other man:—But how ſo great a man, and ſo good a judge of beauty as Plato, could place his affections, and make choice of ſo ſuperannuated a miſtreſs is, what I can no way account for.——Could he poſſibly ſay that the loves, the ſmiles, and the graces, ſported in her wrinkles?—or that it was honey or ambroſial balm that bedewed her lips!—Was it, in the

name

name of wonder! upon her dry and faded, and we may preſume, clammy and cadaverous lips, that he found thoſe pure, balmy and ſweetly inflaming kiſſes, of which that amorous old fellow has given us ſo lively a deſcription!—of which he ſaid, that his ſoul flew, and hovered, and fluttered on his lips, the more eagerly to devour,—and the longer and more intenſely to reliſh and enjoy the pleaſure of them!——Theſe, and many other objections that might be adduced, ſet the abſurdity of the great Plato's ſyſtem, in the cleareſt light.

No one has ever denied but that Ariſtotle was at once the greateſt philoſopher, and the greateſt wrangler of the age in which he lived. That ſly old fellow attempted to treat on every ſubject; but when he talked of what he did not underſtand, he took the precaution of ſpeaking in terms of philoſophical

phical jargon, ſo very obſcure, that he made himſelf quite unintelligible. His reputation however was eſtabliſhed,—and the world adored his very obſcurity. ——He knew nothing at all about the origin of Love; but he was very deſirous of being thought to know it,-—and therefore he ſpoke of it: but he did not there ſpeak obſcurely enough. Unluckily for him, his readers have gueſſed his meaning.——He tells us, that a love of the beautiful, is an inſtinct implanted in us by Nature; and to obviate all objections, he has created two kinds of Nature,—namely, the ſpecific, which inſpires mankind in general; and the individual Nature, which inſpires each man or woman in particular.——By the inſtinct which we receive from our ſpecific nature, we love the beautiful in general,—and by the impulſes we receive from our particular Nature, we love this or that beauty in particular.

Were

Were I to aſk Ariſtotle the reaſon why I love that Gentleman more than any other of the charming fellows in the room,—he would anſwer me, that it is my particular—my individual Nature, that determines me. Were I to aſk the Royal College of Phyſicians, why I ſleep with one of my eyes almoſt open,—muſing on the heads of their canes, and hemming, they would tell me, it is becauſe I don't ſhut it. The anſwer of the ancient philoſopher, and that of our modern College, are, no doubt, very ſatisfactory.

But in order, Gentlemen! to eſtabliſh my ſyſtem, I muſt firſt overthrow and demoliſh every other. I muſt even dethrone Love, and no longer conſider him with the numerous and nonſenſical tribe of poets and fabuliſts, as a Deity.

I will

I will not attempt ſo far to impoſe on the enlightened underſtandings of this numerous, polite, and truly reſpectable company, as to repreſent Love as an arch little God, with his eyes covered,—and his poſteriors bare,—clapping a pair of wings upon his ſhoulders, a quiver on his back, and a bow and arrow in his hands,—and in this trim, turn him looſe to pierce your innocent and unſuſpecting hearts, and to ſet the world, as it were on fire!—nor will I call him the greateſt or the leaſt of the Gods,—the kindeſt, or the cruelleſt of the Deities,—according to the favours or injuries I may be ſuppoſed to have received from him, I will not be ſo abſurd as to adopt any of the extravagancies of the heathen Mythology; nor affect to be thought learned or ſhrewd, by finding out uſeful and important myſteries in thoſe venerable reveries:——nor will I preſume to take up your time, Gentlemen! in telling

you that Love is repreſented blind, becauſe he often pierces a worthy heart, with a ſhaft from an unworthy object; or naked, only becauſe it could never be agreed what ſort of dreſs ſuited him beſt, conſidering the ſurprizing conqueſts he makes among perſons of every rank.——Love (like the rich) finding admittance every where,——under the robes of royalty,——the Nun's veil,—the Monk's cowl,——the Citizen's wig, and the Quaker's cloak:—or, I might aſſert, that Love is repreſented naked, only, becauſe his ardent votaries, who ſacrifice at every altar! impoveriſh themſelves, regardleſs of the precious all-bleſſing beniſon of the beggar,—and ſooner or later, environ'd with ſorrows, bend down like a bow, and become blind and naked like blundering Cupid, their miſchievous Chief. ——

Bnt,

But, turning our eyes, Gentlemen! from the darkneſs of antiquity, let us review for a moment the moſt eminent of the modern philoſophers, I mean the celebrated Deſcartes,—than whom, no man had ever a warmer,—a livelier, or a more luxuriant imagination; nor was any man perhaps ever leſs ſucceſsful in finding out truth.—Among a variety of other ſubjects, Deſcartes has treated on the paſſion of Love. His hypotheſis of Love, as well as upon moſt other ſubjects, has ſcarce any merit but that of being an ingenious, or a brilliant fiction. He has done however conſiderable ſervice to Philoſophy, as he certainly was the firſt who dared to ſhake off the yoke of the ancients, and break thro' the ſuperſtitious reverence for their authority. Aided by a lively imagination, and an enterpriſing genius, he was not a man to be impoſed on;—accordingly he has declared his ſentiments of them pretty

openly. "There is nothing, ſays he, in which the deficiency and nonſenſicalneſs of the ſciences left us by the ancients appears more manifeſtly abſurd, than by what they have ſaid of the paſſions. What they have told us concerning them, is ſo vague and trivial, and in many reſpects ſo unworthy of credit, that I have no hopes of coming at the truth, except by ſhunning altogether the paths which they have taken,"—As I love, for my own part, to be excentric in almoſt every thing, I muſt own I was delighted with the ſprightly Frenchman, when I ſaw him conſidering things after a quite different manner from the reſt of mankind; I was pleaſed with his boldneſs, and could not help forming an exalted idea of the diſcoveries that might have been expected from ſo ſublime a genius. But how much, Gentlemen!—how very much, was I diſappointed when I found that renowned Philoſopher

Philoſopher explaining moſt chimerically, that ardent—that eagerly reſtleſs deſire, which attracts and impels us ſo forcibly, ſo irreſiſtably—ſo *furiouſly* I might have ſaid, to *unite* ourſelves to a beloved object.——He tells us very gravely, that nature hath made certain impreſſions on the brain, which, at a particular age, make men and women conſider themſelves as defective, and as it were, only one half of a whole, which is to be completed by a conjunction with a perſon of the other ſex:—inſomuch, that the acquiſition of the other half, is confuſedly repreſented by nature, to our imagination and ſenſes, as the greateſt poſſible bleſſing we can enjoy.

Hence ſprings the longing,—the ardent deſire of procuring this bleſſing, and ſecuring the ſole and excluſive poſſeſſion of it; and this deſire or paſſion we call Love. And here, by the way,

we

we may obſerve, that from this notion of the French Philoſopher, perhaps aroſe the cuſtom of calling a man's wife—his other half.

It is very probable that nature might have ſuggeſted to Monſieur Deſcartes that he was an unfiniſhed Being, and that he was not ſo complete a man *by half* as he ſhould have been; I hope, however, that no Gentleman in this company has the leaſt ſcruple on that head; but that every Gentleman here, finds himſelf a compleat whole; and that nature has forgot to impreſs thoſe traces of defectiveneſs on his brain which Deſcartes ſpeaks of; and moreover, that, every Gentleman in this great and brilliant aſſembly finds himſelf as capable of loving, as theſe beautiful ladies are ſuſceptible of that ſweet, gentle, generous paſſion, and as they

are worthy of being beloved, and made ſupremely happy !

But this great Philoſopher, ſo much fam'd for perſpicuity, and who declared that he would never admit any thing but what could be clearly demonſtrated, or at leaſt diſtinctly conceived, has in this inſtance at leaſt, departed from himſelf, and betrayed the groſſeſt inconſiſtency; and being unable to extricate himſelf from the labyrinth in which he was entangled, he was compelled thus to mangle the human ſpecies, and to reduce men and women to ſo many halves.

In treating of Love, Deſcartes not only fails of that preciſion and evidence which convince us of the reality of things, but he even falls into the opinion of thoſe very men whom he has taken ſuch pains to deride, and whom

whom he repreſents as ſo vague and ſuperficial in their reaſoning;—in a word, he has fallen into the opinion of the ancients. For, in Plato, we find the opinion of Deſcartes amplified and inſiſted upon in the moſt circumſtantial manner.

All of you, Gentlemen! muſt recollect, that according to Plato, man and woman were not formerly two diſtinct and ſeparate Beings as they are at preſent. No. Originally they were joined together and made but one; and the creature under that form was called Androgine. The earth was a long time inhabited it ſeems by thoſe Androgines; but in proceſs of time, the race degenerating, and being at laſt arrived to the higheſt pitch of corruption, inſomuch, that they carried their inſolence and preſumption ſo far as to revolt againſt the Deity,—to declare a ſort of independancy,

independency,—and even to attempt to ſcale heaven. The Creator incenſed at the perverſe and preſumptuous machinations of thoſe depraved Beings, reſolved to puniſh them in the moſt ſignal, and moſt exemplary manner; but ſtill preſerving ſome remains of compaſſion for the unhappy race, he did not chuſe utterly to exterminate them; but reſolved to humble them, by reducing them to a ſtate of weakneſs and imbecility. A ſpirit of deſtruction, or the deſtroying Angel, hereupon deſcended from heaven, and laying hold of the Androgines, cut each of them into two portions, one of which he called man, and the other woman. At re-uniting the extremities of the fleſh and ſkin, he turned *inwards* into the body of what we call the female, *certain parts*, which he left *pendulous* in the other half, which we call the male;—and faſtening up the

inciſed ſkin about the middle of the body, very curiouſly formed that little circle which is called the navel. The Deity thought proper it ſeems, that they ſhould both receive this mark; and that they ſhould have it continually before their eyes, as a ſign of his vengeance; to the end that the remembrance of it might keep them within the bounds of their duty, and prevent them from expoſing themſelves a ſecond time to the terrible effects of his wrath, which would certainly have proved fatal to them. God preſerve us therefore, from ever taking it into our heads to ſcale heaven again;—for the God of Plato would not fail to ſend forth his deſtroying Angel againſt us, who would certainly cleave us in two the ſecond time; ſo that each of theſe halves, would then be reduced to one eye, one ear, one arm, one leg, and ſo on; and in this manner

manner we would all become cripples, for the reſt of our days.

Men, being then, according to the old fable, only the halves of what they had before been, were ſenſibly affected at their imperfection, and have always ſince, as is very natural, entertained an ardent deſire *to ſheathe with their natural covering, parts of exquiſite ſenſibility*, of which ſheathing the avenging ſpirit had cruelly deprived them; or, in other words, they entertained an ardent deſire to re-unite themſelves to their correſponding halves which they found again in the women.

As for the ladies, they, on their part, as is likewiſe very natural, long, 'tis thought, ſtill more earneſtly for this re-union; and, as the weaker half, to embrace, what is certainly the VERY MAIN STAFF, and the principal com-

fort of their life. This ſenſibility, and theſe deſires, deſcending to their children, have at laſt reached us, and will without doubt, be tranſmitted by us to the moſt diſtant poſterity.

Is not this, Gentlemen! preciſely the ſyſtem of Deſcartes?——For my part, all the difference I can find between them, is, that what Plato ſaid in jeſt, the Frenchman maintained in good earneſt. From the ſame ſource, the one has derived a fable, the other a ſyſtem: but the fable and the ſyſtem are of equal worth; and the one has as much reality as the other.

But, let us make ſome allowance for the brilliant vivacity of a Frenchman's imagination, and ſtrive for a moment to enter more deeply into his ſyſtem. Let us ſuppoſe with him, that Nature ſuggeſts to us all that we are

but

but halves, and that ſhe points out to us, where we may find our correſponding halves. Thus the earth is covered with ſolitary portions, and theſe portions are always uneaſy, always in motion, and tending perpetually and violently to their re-union. To chance it would ſeem, belongs the work of re-joining theſe ſevered pieces; for the halves it is very well known, do not always perfectly ſuit each other; and greatly to be pitied is that man, who not knowing that which was the beſt adapted to him, unites himſelf to another that was not made for him, compoſing a diſharmonious ſyſtem, badly put together, which nature diſavows and abhors, but which the unnatural, impolitic rigor of our laws, detains in a forced, jarring, *unproducting* union, —deſtitute of all pleaſure,——the poor man exclaiming with the Poet, "Non "bene junctarum diſcordia ſemina "rerum!"

Alas!

Alas!—that all halves do not harmonize, and conſpire happily together, our poor hearts daily experience. We are buffeted about, between our paſſions and our deſtiny. A natural tendency ſtrongly impels us on one ſide,—and an invincible averſion as ſtrongly repels us on the other. O! that I was poſſeſſed of this woman, cries a Lover, in the warmth of his paſſion: but death would be more ſupportable to me than to be united to that.

Thus, Gentlemen! we may obſerve in nature, two ſorts of deſire; one indeterminate, by which it diſpoſes each of us to rejoin our half; the other determinate, by which it prepoſſeſſes us in favour of one particular half, and makes us give it, with eager-exulting fondneſs, the preference to all others. For example, I have a ſtrong perſuaſion that I am only the half of

a whole.

a whole. This perſuaſion agitates me, and makes me ardently deſire a union with the portion that is wanting to me;——ſo that with an imagination inflamed, and a heart agitated, I frequent the Opera, the Play, the Mall, and the Temple of Hymen, in queſt of that other portion.

Now altho' every man I meet may be conſidered as a portion of that whole, whereof I make but a part; —yet, I look about me; I examine on all ſides; at laſt I make a choice, and my heart fondly attaches itſelf to him, who of all thoſe portions ſeems to be the beſt adapted to mine.——But, why did it not attach itſelf to the firſt that preſented himſelf to my ſight? what biaſſes me to chuſe one rather than another? What are thoſe cauſes of agreement which I fancy to myſelf? The opinion of Deſcartes is as follows;

lows; "Tho' a man, ſays he, ſees many perſons of the other ſex, he does not therefore wiſh for many at the ſame time; ſince Nature never ſuggeſted to us that we want more than one half. But how vague, how unſatisfactory is this explanation!——the following, I preſume, Gentlemen! you will find a better;——namely, that I have obſerved ſomething in that Gentleman, to whom my heart has attached itſelf, which pleaſes me more than what I have ſeen in any, or in all of the others. This makes my ſoul feel for him alone, the whole force of that inclination which it received from Nature, and which influences it to ſeek, to thirſt, to pant after that bleſſing which nature repreſents to it, as the moſt exquiſite it can enjoy,—as the greateſt it can poſſibly poſſeſs.

But

But to go farther, and to explain this ſtill more familiarly. Is my rival preferred?——It is becauſe the Gentleman I love, has found or remarked ſomething in her which pleaſes him more than any thing he has ſeen in me. This is only ſaying ſhe pleaſes, becauſe ſhe pleaſes. But what is it, that ſtrikes in her!——What are the attractions which captivate him?——The chief attraction, ſays Deſcartes, conſiſts in the perfections we imagine exiſt in a perſon of the other ſex.——But who can conceive but of two ſorts of perfection, the one corporeal, which we call Beauty, and which communicates itſelf to the ſoul thro' the organs of ſenſe; and the other ſpiritual, which regards the qualities of the mind,—the diſpoſition of the heart,—and every thing that is conveyed to the ſoul by reaſon, and its internal operations.

But, Gentlemen! altho' the influence of perſonal beauty is obviouſly very great, yet, a certain ingenious Author, (Akenſide, in his firſt Book of the Pleaſures of the Imagination) ſeems to be of opinion, that all beauty may be reduced to that of the mind.

Mind! Mind alone! bear witneſs earth and heav'n,
The living fountain in itſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime!——here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces! here enthron'd.
Celeſtial Venus! with divineſt airs,
Invites the ſoul to never-fading joys!

There are many, I am ſenſible, whoſe ſentiments concur with thoſe of this Author; but, for my own part, tho' I am abundantly ſenſible how very highly perſonal charms are exalted and animated by thoſe of the mind, yet I apprehend that the diviſion I have above given, is founded in nature.

None

None of you, Gentlemen! will deny, but that perſonal beauty has ſomething in it ſo very ſtriking, and ſo deſirable, that it can never fail to gain upon the eye in a certain degree; but unleſs it is animated or combined with mental beauty or excellence, it will ſeldom find its way, or make any laſting impreſſion on the heart.

But, ſtrange as it may ſound, the curious ſyſtem which I will now have the honour of laying before you, Gentlemen, will not admit of even beauty itſelf being the cauſe of Love; and it is well known that firſt-rate beauties are not always moſt beloved, nor the firſt married. No. Thoſe of inferior charms oftentimes have a much greater number of admirers, and often go off firſt. The cauſe of all this is what Deſcartes never thoroughly underſtood. That great man may be conſidered as a

Columbus in philoſophy. He paved the way for the immortal Sir Iſaac Newton; and tho' his ſyſtems were erroneous and romantic, they prepared mankind for the reception of truth. He boldly decried the ancients, as I have already ſhewn; a ſuperſtitious veneration for whom, had ſo long kept the world in as groſs ignorance in regard to philoſophy, as bigotry and blind attachment to the authority and infallibility to the Church of Rome did with reſpect to religion. And as the preſent youthful EMPEROR OF EMPERORS! THE MODEL FOR KINGS! ſeems to have been ſent into the world to widen the pale, and to expand, to meliorate, and to illumine the boſom of that ancient church; ſo the renowned Deſcartes was ordained to open mens' eyes, and to make them acknowledge the truth as ſoon as it was preſented to their underſtandings.

Advan-

Advancing, gradually, towards the diſcovery of the truth, I next introduce to you, Gentlemen, thoſe philoſophers who maintain the doctrine of Sympathy,——and who come nearer to my hypotheſis, than any who have attempted to develope the true cauſes of this powerful paſſion.

They give us to underſtand, that an inviſible matter which they call Sympathetic, iſſues from, and is diffuſed more or leſs abundantly, round the bodies of men and women ;——that this tranſporting matter acts upon our ſenſes, and that this action produces inclination or averſion ; or, when faint and vapid, indifference ;——ſo that when the Sympathetic Matter diffuſed round a woman, makes an agreeable impreſſion upon the ſenſes of a man, he is immediately inſpired with a paſſion for that woman ; and his love of

her

her is more or leſs ardent, according to his age, complexion, or the degree of ſuſceptibility of his nature.

This is their ſyſtem, explained I hope, tho' in a few words, with perſpicuity and preciſion. We will now recapitulate in one moment, and exhibit at one view, the various hypotheſes we have already examined, in order that they may be clearly recollected, and duly impreſſed on every mind. Were I to aſk the Platoniſts, the Peripatetics, the Carteſians, and the Sympathiſts, why that Gentleman, or this roſe affect me with livelier and more agreeable ſenſations, than is in the power of any other Gentleman or flower to produce?—and why I find the company of the one, and the odour of the other, ſo delightful as never to be ſatiated, or even fully ſatisfied with the happineſs I enjoy?—The partizans of

of Plato wou'd tell me that the reaſon of this is, becauſe that Gentleman, and a roſe, have a ſweetly ſtriking conformity to the repreſentation of a handſome man, and charming flower, which have been infuſed into my ſoul by the Deity at my creation. The Diſciple of Ariſtotle wou'd tell me, that my liking this particular Gentleman or flower, better than any other, is the effect of my individual nature, or particular conſtitution.—From Deſcartes's followers I ſhould receive a more extravagant—a more viſionary anſwer, than from any of the others: they would tell me, that nature ſuggeſts to me, that I am but one half of a whole, and that my ſmell is but the half of a whole, and that the Gentleman I love, and the ſcent of the roſe which pleaſes me ſo much, are the other halves;—and that, ſince mankind have a conſtant tendency to make a complete ſyſtem, it follows, that I muſt

wiſh

wiſh, nay earneſtly deſire to be joined to the Gentleman, and to have the fragrant odour of the roſe conſtantly preſent to my ſenſes, that being united to them, I may be ſupplied with what I before wanted.

The Sympathetic Philoſophers in their turn came next; they inform me that the Sympathetic Matter which is in abundance exhaled from the body of that charming fellow, ſalutes, and affects all my ſenſes in the ſweeteſt, moſt cordial, and moſt agreeable manner. They tell me too, that ſmall odoriferous particles are diffuſed round all flowers, and that theſe particles act on the olfactory or naſal nerves: that the particles exhaled from the roſe affect my organs of ſmelling in a more agreeable manner, than thoſe of any other flower;—and that theſe are the reaſons

I prefer

I prefer that Gentleman to all mankind, ——and a roſe to all other flowers.

Since the time of Deſcartes, the world has waited with impatience, but in vain, for the important diſcoveries in queſtion, namely, for the diſcovery of the true nature and origin of Love; or, in other words, of that ardent, and unſurmountable inclination the ſexes have for each other,——and, at the ſame time, of thoſe unconquerable or inſuperable averſions or antipathies which diſunite, and even violently repel perſons of the oppoſite, as well as of the ſame ſex.

But, notwithſtanding the late boaſted diſcoveries in almoſt every branch of ſcience, the little knowledge we have attained, (and that chiefly by the ſyſtem of the Sympathetic tranſpiring matter, and by the new diſcoveries and

improvements in electricity and magnetiſm) I ſay the little knowledge we have acquired, is like a glimmering light in the midſt of a thick darkneſs. ——What tranſcendant Genius therefore! what gentle benevolent Spirit! ——what eccentric penetrating Luminary will diſpel the miſts of ignorance and of error. To whom was it reſerved to throw a full, bright, and permanent light on theſe obſcure, yet important matters.

Aſſiſt ME, ye aerial, æthereal, muſical, magnetical, and electrical powers and influences! while I attempt to unfold the great myſtery. Aſſiſt me, Æſculapius, Alexander, Alfred, Britannia!*——But why do I deſcend, is Britannia, the great Britannia herſelf, at preſent in the deſcending ſcale

* Alluding to the Figures on the top, and in the front of the Temple of Hymen.

among

among the empires of the world!—Is this once great, once formidable, once happy monarchy in the anti-climax of her glory?——Yes, her luſtre is tarniſhed,——her horizon is wilfully or wantonly contracted to half of its former extent,——the ſources and ſtreams of her wealth are dried or drying up,——and our Alexander looks down with pity, and ſees her ſun ſetting among the Atlantic iſles, and the dawn of her riſing already beaming with peaceful and glorious rays on the infant Queen of Empires, which time and nature, in their unerring and irreſiſtible courſe, have juſt brought forth in the Weſtern world.

Thee! too, do I ſupplicate, THOU GUARDIAN GENIUS OF THE HYMENEAL TEMPLE, AND OF THE CELESTIAL BED! for Thou art at once the cauſe and the effect, the beginning and the end, the motive

and the conſummation, of this wonderous and almighty paſſion!——But to return——

Phyſicians aſſure us, (and indeed we are poſſeſſed of numberleſs facts and experiments to convince us of the truth of their aſſertion) that there is a ſubtile inviſible vapour, called the inſenſible perſpiration, which is continually diffuſed round every human body, and even round every other animal body in the creation. It is a kind of atmoſphere peculiar indeed to every organized body in nature, and moſt ſenſibly affecting all the bodily ſenſes, eſpecially the organs of ſmelling. But, tho' the particles of this matter are ſo minute as to eſcape the ſight, except when we lay our hands on a looking-glaſs, or on any other cold poliſhed ſurface, (the groſſer parts then condenſing, and becoming viſible) yet it is neceſſary that our bodies ſhould be full of ſmall pores fit

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to give paſſage to theſe particles; and the celebrated Lewenhoeck having examined his ſkin with a microſcope with wonderful attention and exactneſs, he diſcovered one hundred and twenty-five thouſand of theſe pores or tranſpiring veſſels, in a ſpace ſmall enough to be covered by a grain of ſand. Thoſe particles of odorous or luminous matter therefore, that continually emane, with ſuch aſtoniſhing rapidity and eaſe from the human body, muſt be as ſubtile as globules or particles of electrical fire, or of the ſolar light; and I ſhall have but little difficulty, Gentlemen, in convincing you, that they are, what may very properly be called ANIMAL ELECTRICITY! or a ſpecies of Magnetico-electrical effluvium;——and that this luminous fluid or principle, eſpecially when combined with the inſenſible perſpiration, and with intellectual emanations, is the cauſe of all

our

our ſympathies and antipathies,—of our love, luſt, averſion, or indifference, according to the various ſituations and circumſtances we are in: and I may illuſtrate this doctrine, by reminding you that when the ſun, when a candle, or when any other luminous body, gives us light, there proceed from it, an infinity of globules or rays, which diffuſe themſelves round the circumference of objects, and are either abſorbed by them, or reflected back to us, and it is by means of theſe reflected globules or rays, that we perceive thoſe objects. Thus, then, Gentlemen! the odoriferous particles, or inſenſible tranſpirations which naturally flow from every perſon, and ſuch parts or parcels of the magnetico-electrical fire or effluvium, as have the ſtrongeſt affinity with them, are borne thro' the air, and ſtrike more or leſs forcibly on all the bodily organs, eſpecially on

thoſe

thoſe of the ſight and ſmell. It is pretty well known how they act upon the taſte;—that *ſuction* moſt powerfully attracts them;—that *kiſſes* diſſolve them;—that pleaſure ſpitts them from the papillæ of the tongue;—that they guſh from the rich pulp of the lips;—and that by the touch or colliſion of *certain parts*, they undulate and thrill from the *magical centre!* with electrical ſwiftneſs——with harmonious vibrations!——with extatic ſoul-diſſolving delight!——thro' every, even the moſt diſtant nerve!———

The truth of all this, is clearly evinced, by the reiterated ſqueezes or preſſures of the hands, &c. of happy lovers, which are dictated by nature herſelf, in order to cauſe a more plentiful evaporation, and a greater flow of this active fiery principle to inflame the heart, and for other delicious purpoſes;

for

for thereby the whole frame, and eſpecially the compreſſed parts exhale it in greater abundance; in a manner ſomewhat ſimilar to a wet ſponge letting the liquor it contains, paſs thro' the hands of thoſe who preſs it.

But, Gentlemen! it yet remains that I explain to you more particularly, the modus or manner in which the magnetico-electrical effluvium acts in producing love, inclination, averſion, hatred, or indifference.

Every one will allow, that many perſons become violently enamoured at firſt ſight, or by repeated views of a perſon, without having touched, or even ſpoken to that perſon. What can be the cauſe of this?—Why, it muſt either be the light which is agreeably reflected from the captivating object, or the magnetico-electrical effluvium which ſtrikes upon

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the ſoul of the beholder, thro' the organs of ſight, and of the other ſenſes; for nothing elſe but either the one or the other can poſſibly affect them. It cannot poſſibly be the light which comes equally from all bodies whatever; and it cannot be ſuppoſed that among an infinity of objects, light ſhould iſſue or be reflected from one in particular, in ſuch a manner as to produce that violent paſſion we call love: beſides, according to many philoſophers, light is always the ſame, whatſoever object it be reflected from. If that be really ſo, how can it poſſibly produce ſo many different effects, as love, averſion, indifference, and ſo on;—this has not in my opinion the ſmalleſt probability. Neither can it be, becauſe the light is reflected from a beautiful object; —if that were the caſe, it muſt follow that a perſon could not appear beautiful to us without gaining our affection, which is abſurd and contradicted by

every day's experience. As love, therefore cannot proceed from beauty alone, nor from the light which is reflected from a beautiful perſon, it muſt neceſſarily proceed from our ſubtile magnetico-electrical fire or effluvium;—and it acts or produces the various effects we have attributed to it, I conceive, in the following manner.——When this ſubtile electrical fluid which is excited by the action of the ſoul or animal ſpirits on the bodily organs, or ſimply, by the reciprocal action of the ſolids and fluids of the body on one another;---when it ſtrikes on the organs of ſenſe of another perſon, it either cauſes a pleaſing vibratory titillation in the fibres, or it tears or lacerates them,---or elſe it ſtrikes upon them ſo feebly as not to produce any effect at all. If it excites a titillation, this titillation cauſes a reflux or ſweet vibratory delirium in the brain, which ſoothes and gives pleaſure to the ſoul;---

here-

hereupon the ſoul ſoothed or bewitched with this pleaſure, wiſhes for a continuance of it, and conceives a more or leſs ardent affection for the ſource, namely, for the perſon from whom this magnetico-electrical effluvium proceeds; and this, doubtleſs, is the origin of what we call love or inclination.——But, if it ſhould repel, tear, or lacerate thoſe tender fibres, there follows a violent reflux in the brain, which is attended with a painful ſenſation. The ſoul ſtrongly ſenſible of this pain, wiſhes earneſtly to be freed from it, by being ſeparated from its ſource, or from the perſon from whom it proceeds, and this is what we call diſlike or averſion:---in a word, if it ſtrikes or acts upon the fibres of the beholder without producing either of the above effects,---the ſpirits ſo feebly agitated, cauſe neither pain nor pleaſure in the ſoul, and conſequently neither inclina-

tion or averſion, love nor hatred, but apathy or perfect indifference.

But to illuſtrate this matter more particularly; figure to your glowing imagination Gentlemen! an ardent lover in the company of his beautiful miſtreſs; behold then, in idea, the magnetico-electrical effluvium---the celeſtial inviſible fire! proceeding in all directions from the fair one, and ſweetly ſtriking on the eyes, and on the heart of her lover. The complacency and ſparkling of his countenance ſhews viſibly the pleaſure he enjoys; and nothing can be eaſier than to perceive the tender impreſſions that are made on his ſoul.

In this ſituation, and in ſome inſtances, he may be compared to the butterfly, who, in the night, ſuddenly perceives the fair light of a perfumed lamp, or of a ſweet wax-candle. The ſudden bright-

brightneſs rouſes and chears the little inſect. He expands his wings, and flies to the fource from whence the flame proceeds. The nearer he approaches it, the more powerfully the light and the warmth act upon him, and his pleaſure increaſes in proportion. At laſt, by too great an eagerneſs for the enjoyment of this pleaſure, he meets his deſtruction. He comes too near the fair candle, he flutters about the flame; and throwing himſelf, or plunging giddily into the midſt of it, *dies*, conſumed as much perhaps by the pleaſure he taſtes, as by the fire which reduces him to aſhes.

Thus it is, but with greater ſecurity, that a lover, ſtruck and penetrated by the rays of this magnetico-electrical fire, conceives thoſe vehement deſires which hurry him with ſuch violence towards the object that gives riſe to them.

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If the enamoured man can but be permitted to join the pleaſures of touch, or of dalliance, with that of ſeeing, it throws him into ſtill higher tranſports, and yet it is acknowledged by every perſon of delicate taſte, and refined mental ſenſibility, that the pleaſure which ariſes from the converſation, or ſimply from viewing a beautiful and beloved object, far, far ſurpaſſes all the groſſer gratification of ſenſe.

But methinks I hear a modern voluptuary exclaim, if the ſight alone of a young, beautiful, and beloved object, is capable of affording ſo high a pleaſure, how much greater, how much more exquiſite effects, muſt be produced by thoſe inflamed mellifluous kiſſes, that give ſuch poignant delight to the taſte? or by that balmy breathing---that ſilky paradiſiacal ſweetneſs!---that affects the noſtrils ſo agreeably!---I hear him dwelling

ling with peculiar pleaſure, on that natural language of the ſoul! on thoſe broken phraſes, thoſe gentle murmurs which flutter and expire on the lips!---and on thoſe ſighs and ſpaſmodic aſpirations that eſcape from the heart which ſwims in an ocean of delight,---which is diſſolved and overwhelmed by the guſhing torrents of pleaſure, that are poured forth, at the critical and copious diſcharges of this celeſtial fire.

From hence, from hence; Gentlemen! ſpring thoſe impetuous tranſports of lovers! thoſe ebullitions of tenderneſs!---thoſe delightful effuſions of the heart!---thoſe brilliant ſallies of the imagination! and in a word, thoſe joys which totally diſſolve and abſorb all the faculties of the ſoul--and penetrate lovers with an ardent longing——with an intenſe deſire to transform themſelves into what they love!——Yes, to abſorb

and

and assimilate the soul and body of their beloved--- and to mix and intimately blend their substance with that of the object of their passion.——

But in order, Gentlemen! to give you clearer and more striking ideas of our new Theory, I beg leave to remind you of the strongly attracting and repelling qualities of the loadstone, and of the electrical fire.—Every one knows, that one pole of the magnet strongly attracts, and that the other as violently repels. We know too, that the electrical fire in its different states does the same; and that the rubbing common iron with a magnet, in certain directions, will communicate magnetism to it. Thus, love on one side has been known to produce love; and as in the course of excitation in making electrical experiments, the jars will now and then discharge themselves accidently, or involuntarily,

involuntarily, as well as by the ſafer and more natural application of the ſmooth round knob, or blunt head of the diſcharging rod; ſo in courtſhip, or in amourous dalliance, between the ſexes, *involuntary colliquations* will now and then happen: and at beſt, courtſhip and dalliance is no other than charging the battery on the *one* ſide, and heating or preparing the genial oven of nature on the *other*, for the concoction and maturation of the genial juice.——The analogy holds good even to the *end of the buſineſs*; for the natural conſummation, or the *final* diſcharge or deſivery of this electrical fluid—of this *balmy benevolence!* is in all reſpects, a true electrical operation. Here we have, firſt, the neceſſary friction or excitation of the electrical tube or cylinder, for muſtering up and accumulating the prolific fiery fluid in the Prime Conductor. Here, likewiſe, we have the poſitive and the negative fire;

the active and paſſive principles; the plus and the minus ſtate;—in a word, there is the ſtricteſt and moſt cordial harmony, —the cleareſt and moſt perfect analogy in all reſpects; and I defy the whole world, medical and philoſophical, male, female, and of the *doubtful gender*, to diſprove or ſubvert my doctrine.——Still more!—the electrical effects and phœnomena that are produced by the vivid flaſhings of the eyes,—the attritions and balmy ſuctions of the lips,—the touch or ſqueeze of the hand,—and finally, *by the ſoft, firm preſſure of a tight-new virgin elaſtic cuſhion, well amalgamated*,——all, all demonſtrate that my theory is founded on nature and on facts; and eſtabliſhed by that ſimplicity, uniformity, and analogy which pervade univerſal Nature!

What, I pray you, Gentlemen, are the uſes of that aſtoniſhing variety of fluids, juices, ſprings, and circulations

of which the human body are compoſed?——are they not to ſecrete, form, and elaborate a mild, generous, balſamic juice!—a ſubtile vivifying fire, by which all its parts are nurſed, nouriſhed, ſuſtained, and animated. Undoubtedly they are.——In young full-grown perſons, therefore, who enjoy perfect health, and full, ſucculent living;—who are plentifully ſupplied with juices and humours of the moſt benign compoſition;—and furniſhed for the various circulations, with organs and ſprings tuned and diſpoſed in the moſt advantageous manner;——and replete with the vital animal fire for the moſt genial concoctions and ſublimations!—In all ſuch perſons, a greater quantity of thoſe ſtimulating juices, and of this magnetico-electrical fire or effluvium is formed, than nature has occaſion for.—How is the overplus diſpoſed of? Why nature employs part of this balmy

vivifying luminous eſſence for the very important purpoſes ſhe intended them for ;—namely, for nouriſhing, ſtrengthening, and animating the whole ſyſtem, and for the procreation of the ſpecies ;—and the ſuperfluity or redundancy, ſhe diſſipates or throws off by the eyes, by the breath, and thro' every pore of the body ;——and theſe are the ſubtile, wonder-working rays or emanations, which I term the magnetico-electrical effluvium !—the genuine ſtimulus of love !—the eſſence of ages !—the liquor of life !—and the true pabulum of all pleaſure ! ! ! ———

All this will appear abundantly obvious, Gentlemen, by attending for a moment to what happens in *old* men and women, in whom the ſprings of life are relaxed and worn out ;—in whom, the vivifying juices, and animal fire, are no longer endowed with an energy

energy ſtrong enough, nor furniſhed in ſufficient abundance to anſwer all the above genial purpoſes; and, in a word, in whom the balmy prolific luminous fountain is dried up, and well nigh extinguiſhed. In them, (eſpecially if they have long been among the number of Pleaſure's ardent devotees) the powers of nature, always active and reſtleſs, ſtill provoked by habit, and teazed by the remembrance of paſt pleaſures, now ſcourge, vex, and exert themſelves in vain. Alas! theſe lame or broken-down lovers, are not now in a condition to prepare any conſiderable quantity of the generous juice; and ſo far from there being any left to evaporate, to ſtimulate, or excite love or deſire in others, ſcarce enough remains to ſupply warmth and nouriſhment at home, in their own ſhrinking frame.

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Phyſicians obſerving the redundant ſuperfluity of this balmy vivifying fire or effluvium in healthy young people, and the want of it in the old and debilitated, have endeavoured to make up for the deficiency of the latter, by the overplus of the former. With this view, they cauſe a lovely girl, of a florid ſtate of health, and in the bloom of youth and beauty, to be laid in the bed of a decrepid old man, in order that the fire of youth may diſſolve the ice of age. The ſweet, active, balmy electrical fire of the young woman is imbibed into the withered frame, and conveys an enlivening warmth into the exhauſted veſſels of the poor emaciated old man, and animates his nerves chilled by age, paralytic, oppreſſed or ſtung to calloſity by gluttony and drunkenneſs, or debilitated by exceſſive venereal indulgencies.—It was thus, that the Iſraelites of old, prolonged the life of their languiſhing

guiſhing King David,—of amorous, of infamous, and of pious memory.

What a prodigious difference muſt there then be, between this animal fire!—this genial, milky, generous effluvium of a perſon in the bloom of youth, and in the bluſh of innocence, ——and that of one who is languiſhing and ſinking under the infirmities inſeparable from vice and old age?—That of the one is invigorated and perfumed, by all that is rich, ſweet, and luminous in nature!—it is the ſoftfulneſs of youth and health——the delicious fragrance of love——the guſhing quinteſſence of life and rapture!——while that of the other, is a maſs of fetid exhalations, reeking from weakneſſes and corruption, which nature ſhrinks from and abhors.

In

In regard to the different nature and effects of the magnetico-electrical effluvium, of different men and women, under different circumſtances, and at different periods of life,—they are as different as the various odours and qualities of ſhrubs, flowers, and fruits. The analogy here too, will be found to hold good in every reſpect: for every herb, and every flower, and fruit, has each an odour and qualities peculiar to itſelf. The ſcent of a pink, and that of a roſe, for example, are very different; ſo, likewiſe, are the taſte and qualities of a plump peach, a juicy nectarine, a puckering ſloe, and a harſh crab-apple. Nay more, the roſe, has ſome parts more odoriferous than others; and the very ſame flower, ſhall at one time diffuſe a ſweet and fragrant odour, at another time, and under different circumſtances, it languiſhes, and no longer gratifies any of the

the ſenſes.———It is eaſy, Gentlemen, to make the application and to preſerve the ſimile.———The countenance and air of a virtuous, healthy, well-bred girl, is like the enchanting beauty—— the delicious fragrance of an opening moſſy roſe-bud ;——a woman that begins to grow old, is like a roſe that withers and dries up ;——a ſuperannuated beauty who paints, is like the picture of a roſe in Crayons ;——and a Lady who once was handſome, but whoſe worn out charms bear the ſad marks of intrigues and diſſipation, may be compared to a roſe pluckt in its full beauty, but which now, foul and faded, has loſt all its fragrance and deſirableneſs, by *rude touching*, and by paſſing thro' *many a hand*.

From what has been ſaid, Gentlemen, is it not perfectly reaſonable and philoſophical to conclude, that the ele-

gant—the generous—the univerſal paſſion which is the ſubject of this Lecture, depends entirely on the action of this animal fire, or magnetico-electrical effluvium, which we have proved to emane, more or leſs copiouſly, from every animal body. Where this matter does not act, there can be no inclination: and where it does, love or hatred, inclination or averſion, are lively and affecting, in proportion to the force with which it acts, and to the degree of ſenſibility in the perſon *acted upon.*

But, Gentlemen! my definition of Love, and my deſcriptions of the nature and effects of that paſſion will not be complete, unleſs you permit me to point out the very wide difference there is between the gentle-generous, ſentimental paſſion of love when it is heightened and rendered permanent by eſteem; and that groſs

groſs momentary ſenſual paſſion, which we may properly enough term, the Fury of Luſt. In the former, delicate, unremitting attentions, endear each to the other; while an amiable partiality overlooks and compaſſionates each little foible, and ſoftens into amiableneſs each little fault. Here imagination creates new beauties, and eſteem lends new charms to love. But when the accompliſhments of the beloved object, both perſonal and acquired, are exaggerated in the lover's eyes;—when a glowing imagination repreſents his miſtreſs as the ſweet ſoul of amiableneſs! the perfection of every excellence! and holds forth to his eager eyes, his whole and only poſſible felicity as centered in the poſſeſſion of her! then, and then only, it is that the lover, pervaded with the ſweet delirium, becomes an enthuſiaſt, and feels a flame lighted up within him, which will continue unextinguiſhed

for many years: for even when the happy man has enjoyed the dear—the angelical object of his desires, and of his adoration, the tender emotions of his heart, and the respectful, the endearing delicacy of his attentions continue after enjoyment, and the divine charm which at first captivated him, remains when the delirium of the senses is no more. Refined——Celestial Charm!——-Delightful——-Delicious Sentiment!——Begotten by admiration and esteem, and fostered by fondness and respect, they form a silken band, an adamantine chain, which even time itself cannot dissolve!——-for my bosom tells me, Gentlemen! that were cruel destiny to deprive me of the man I love, my wounded heart would, as it were, demand him from Heaven;——-in the excess of my grief, I should attach myself to his shade, I should moisten and warm if possible, his cold ashes with my

my tears,——and I ſhould preſs to my ſad boſom, the urn in which they are incloſed.

Not thus, Gentlemen! but far—far different are the nature and effects of the groſs, momentary, degrading fury of luſt, or mere carnal ſenſuality: Here, at beſt, Love is no more than voluptuous emotions excited by the ſtimulations of the animal electricity, and prolific juices, which incline one ſex to the other, which are periodical, and which are felt only when the human machine is overcharged with the prolific luminous fluid. Thoſe who are actuated by this principle alone, wait its natural periodical impulſes, which when they have gratified, they have no longer any deſire, and their love is extinguiſhed. The *artificial* paſſions alone, of the human ſoul, are laſting; thoſe of the ſenſes, are of a quite contrary

trary natnre, *they* can laſt but for a moment; for the *duration of pleaſure* can only ſubſiſt in the imagination, not in the ſenſes, however ardent and ſuſceptible thoſe of lovers may be. 'Tis true, that during their ſhort delirium, their gliſtening and greedy eyes, and their roving and impatient hands, know not what charm to ſelect, nor upon what to dwell;—in the voluptuous preludium, their embraces are furious, and their enjoyments intenſe; in the extatic moment of enjoyment, in univerſal tremor, they eagerly and mutually claſp the quivering object of their deſires, they impreſs the moſt paſſionate and moſt inflamed kiſſes, their ſouls meet and flutter on their eager lips, they devour ſoul and body;—till at the approach of that DELICIOUS SENSATION which is the ſummit of pleaſure!—the *ne plus ultra* of tranſport!—they are melted, overpowered and overwhelmed with

with exceſſive extaſy ! and every faculty of the body, and every ſenſation of the heart is launched forth, and ſwims away in an ocean of delight !

But, Gentlemen ! how fleeting their bliſs ! how ſhort—how very ſhort is the duration of that pleaſure in which delicacy, and ſentiment, and eſteem enter not ! for the moment the generous prolific fluid is ejected, the maddening deſires which agitated them, and the animal fire which conſumed them, are extinguiſhed; until, by freſh accumulations, new deſires are kindled, and the genial flame again lighted up; again they are recalled to pleaſure; again love overwhelms the ſoul : till at laſt, after a few more paroxyſms of this Paradiſiacal delirium, and a few hours enjoyed in ranging from charm to charm, in fluttering from flower to flower, apathy and frigid langour ſucceed, and the lately happy

happy pair now without paſſion, and without deſires, ſigh for repoſe,—for a renovation of ſtrength, firmneſs, and ſpirits,——and are very happy to leave each other as ſoon as the laws of gallantry and politeneſs will permit.

Behold, Gentlemen! a glowing, yet true picture of merely ſenſual, degrading and enervating love; and of that generous paſſion, which is founded upon, and mingled with ſentiment, reſpect, eſteem, on the noble qualities of the ſoul, and on the amiable diſpoſitions of the heart.

Nothing can better evince the truth of this new and important Hypotheſis, which I have had the honor of laying before you Gentlemen, than the differences obſervable between the inclinations annexed to different ages, or periods of human life, which proceed wholly from the various degrees of ſtrength or activity of the ſubtile,

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tranſpiring, luminous effluvium——— the animal magnetico-electrical fire!--- nor can I perhaps cloſe the Lecture more uſefully, or more agreeably, than by examining the various effects which it produces in the human body, from early infancy, to extreme old-age.

But in order to view theſe matters in every light, it will be neceſſary for us, Gentlemen, to proceed upon a proceſs ſomewhat odd, yet curious.——We muſt roll up as it were, and compreſs a full grown man, till we have reduced him to his original ens, or embryo; we will then obſerve nature from the very moment ſhe begins to form the child; and follow her, ſtep by ſtep, remarking by what gradual unfoldings, ſhe makes this child, become a complete man,—a man capable of inſpiring or exciting love, and of being himſelf loved.

Anatomiſts tell us, and no one can doubt the fact, that the human body is an hydraulic machine, or a mere heap of veſſels, tubes, and reſervoirs, containing fluids or liquors peculiar to themſelves. We will take this principle for the ground work of our inveſtigations, and proceed to demonſtrate the truth of our Theory by regular deductions.

Let us take then, a man of ſix feet high, or higher, if you pleaſe, even the Iriſh Giant himſelf, whoſe ſtature it ſeems, is full eight feet two inches, and preſs him ſtrongly, equally, and on every ſide. Let us then ſqueeze out all his fluids, and he will then be diminiſhed by two thirds. By this means we ſhall reduce the tremendous Iriſh Giant to the ſize of the Poliſh Dwarf: for he will then be nothing but a heap of empty canals, whoſe

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ſides will become contiguous, and at laſt ſtick cloſe to each other.

We will go ſtill further. We will take the thickeſt parts from all theſe canals, and leave them only a ſkin, the very thinneſt that can poſſibly be imagined. Monſieur le Compte Borowluſki thus dwindles comparatively to nothing; and we are now ſo far from being able to diſtinguiſh his little dwarfiſh limbs, that his whole body is hardly perceptible to our view.—— Nevertheleſs, this little maſs, unformed as it appears, diſtinctly contains all the parts of a *complete man.* For Monſieur le Compte Borowluſki tho' in ſtature, not about thirty-three inches, or not more than three times the length of a *good Iriſh Shilala*, is married, and has children.

Preciſely, Gentlemen! in like manner, each little ovum, (which ſubſiſts in the female previous to the commerce between the ſexes) contains in miniature, all the parts of the child that is afterwards born; and this almoſt inviſible ovum or embryo, being imbued and animated *(in conſequence of a certain electrical operation)* with the energetic ſtimulus of the BALMY BENEVOLENCE, the nutritious liquors or juices inſinuate themſelves into it,—the inviſible canals are inſenſibly filled,——and the parts begin gradually to unfold themſelves.—The legs and arms diſengage themſelves from the trunk;——the head erects itſelf upon the ſhoulders; and the whole aſſemblage repreſents the future child. In nine months time he is born. His limbs and faculties enlarge and ſtrengthen: his ſenſes are unfolded and refine: the air ſtrikes upon his ears, and he hears; his eyes are opened and he ſees;

and

and new canals overſpread his whole body, offering themſelves from day to day, to the nouriſhing juices of the aliments which fill them, ſtrengthen them, and increaſe their bulk, and conſequently that of the child, who muſt grow in proportion as the canals are dilated by the nutritious fluids that diſtend them.

That this child has, even in its preſent ſtate, magnetico-electrical effluvia iſſuing from it, there is no doubt; and it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that theſe effluvia muſt produce ſome effect; they certainly do ſo:—but they will not produce Love. No. This wonderful principle is not yet active enough to excite any emotion worth mentioning. It is as yet, like the magnetico-effluvium, or the electrical fire, which laſt, is inviſibly preſent, or as it were dormant in every thing we are acquainted with in nature, and

which

which in order to produce any of thoſe powerful and tremendous effects we are already acquainted with, muſt be excited, accumulated, and diſcharged by nature, or by art.

It is true, that when I ſee two boys of five or ſix years of age, I may feel a complacency or inclination for one of them, and not for the other;—but this inclination does not amount to what is properly called Love; nor can it have the ſtrength it is capable of acquiring when the boy attains to his ſixteenth, eighteenth, or twentieth year——and the reaſon of this is, becauſe his animal fire is not thoroughly enlivened.——— What is it, Gentlemen! that is yet wanted to enliven, or to give energy to the magnetico-electrical matter of children, both male and female, for they are as yet equally vapid and inactive?—— Why, to the age of twelve, or fourteen,

or

or ſixteen years, this ſubtile fire is in its minus or negative ſtate, but at that critical and very dangerous age, the florid blood begins to inſinuate itſelf into certain internal ſtrainers and reſervoirs, which have juſt ſeparated themſelves from the others;—there it is churned, prepared, purified, refined, and at laſt changed by the perfect chemiſtry of nature into a vivifying eſſence, and exalted into a genial prolific fire!—certain veſſels pump it up again from the ſecret and central laboratories where it was prepared and concocted, and pour it into the maſs of blood, which diſtributes it in the grand circulation, to all the different parts of the body.

By the influences, Gentlemen! of this invigorating eſſence, the fibres ſtretch,—the limbs grow *full and firm*; the conſtitution alters and acquires ſtrength; the voice becomes louder; and more

more robuſt; and after animating and ILLUMINATING the whole ſyſtem, and when it has circulated long enough for every purpoſe, it is exhaled or diſſipated with the other tranſpiring fluids, conſtituting what I call the MAGNETICO-ELECTRICAL FIRE or EFFLUVIUM, and is preciſely that, which was before wanting, to enable the body to exerciſe freely and effectually all its functions: or, in other words, it is, as I have before termed it, the ſtimulus and the pabulum of pleaſure, the irreſiſtable magnet of our affections, the eſſence of ages, the liquor of life, and a feaſt which our ſenſes can never be ſatiated with the enjoyment of!——To conclude, Gentlemen, while all the organs of ſenſe continue in perfection;—whilſt this vivifying eſſence filtrates in abundance; and the ſweet lamp of life burns with a ſteady luſtre; or in one word, ſo long as we are young we are capable of loving

ing, and of being loved; but, as we decline into the vale of years, the organs of ſenſe, and *the Cyprian apparatus of pleaſure*, harden and ſhrivel; THE MANLY STANDARD OF LOVE almoſt diſappears; the generous vivifying liquor diminiſhes; tranſpiration no longer furniſhes the magnetico-electrical fire in ſufficient quantity, and the little that is exhaled, has no longer its juvenile luminous qualities and effects; we ceaſe to be ſuſceptible of Love, and we become altogether incapable of inſpiring it;—till at laſt, peeviſh, ſilly, tottering old-age depriving us of the functions of ſenſe, obſtructing the preparation of the genial fire, and totally ſuppreſſing its tranſpiration, we no longer have any love for others,— others have no longer any love for us;—the elegant, the charming, the delicious paſſion of love is at end; the vital oil is burnt out, the lamp of life burns dimly and tremulouſly,—

enjoyments are drained to the very dregs, and thoſe men and women who once charmed and captivated all who approached them, are now little better than old, crazy, neglected machines, whoſe exhauſted reſervoirs, and worn out ſprings, are ready to fall into duſt, on the leaſt rude motion.——Alas! Alas! poor Human Nature!

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE nature, deſign, and uſefulneſs of the CELESTIAL BED being miſunderſtood, they require explanation, leſt many reſpectable perſons and perſonages, influenced by the ignorance or prejudices of the fooliſh multitude, ſhould be diſappointed of the benefit of ſo ingenious and ſo uſeful a diſcovery.

The want of children ſo much lamented in many noble families, and indeed by all married people, ariſes from corporeal, mental, or accidental defects.

The corporeal defects are a laxity or debility of the nervous ſyſtem, and a conſequent acrimony of the juices which actuate that ſyſtem—a relaxed indiſpoſition of the parts, or (which moſt frequently happens) obſtructions. The mental defects are want of courage and reſolution on the male ſide, or of imagination and prudence on the female. The accidental cauſes, beſides occult and unaccountable antipathies or incongruities, are, when a lively, vivacious woman is married to a ſtupid, inert, inactive man, or, *vicè verſa*. Electricity, even independent of the other invigorating influences combined with it, is the moſt powerful engine or influence in nature to remedy theſe ſeveral defects: it gives a tone and retentive firmneſs to the relaxed fibres;—it corrects the acrimony of the juices; by increaſing the perſpiration; ſtrengthens and rejuvenates the generative powers; and effectually removes

moves obſtructions. It expels all fear, expanding the imagination with the livelieſt and moſt ſublime ideas; and laſtly, it aſſimilates the moſt inactive to the moſt alert; and from all theſe cauſes cannot fail of producing the wiſhed for effects. The CELESTIAL BED being very highly electrified, the perſons repoſing therein baſk in a genial, invigorating tide of the celeſtial fire, combined with the powerful influences of muſic, magnets, and the balmy odours of aromatic ætherial eſſences—which, as they powerfully vivify, and at the ſame time remove all impediments——they cannot fail in the nature of things of conducing to the production of a ſtrong, healthful, and moſt beautiful offſpring.

Sons ſpringing from this Bed, like Mars ſhall prove,
And Daughters beauteous as the Queen of Love!

It is deſigned for the uſe of married people only, and every precaution is taken

taken to exclude the licentious and impure; and to deserve the cordial patronage of the great, the learned, and the good, and the approbation of the public at large; as the chief of our ambition is to promote the true and lasting happiness of the youth of both sexes, and of private families, and to prevent chagrin, adultery, and divorces, which frequently arise from the want of children in illustrious and noble families.

☞ In order to deter the wantonly lascivious——the mere votaries of pleasure, from polluting the Temple of Hymen, the following lines are written in golden capitals over the grand entrance:

ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΑΚΑΘΑΡΤΟΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ.

Procul! O Procul, este Profani! VIRG.

Many

Many of the Nobility and Gentry having expreſſed a great deſire to have a copy of the grand Inſcription in the Anti-chamber of the Temple, VESTINA *has therefore ordered it to be annexed to this advertiſement.*

(Deſcription of the Rich *and very* Curious Carving *of the Frame of the Inſcription.)*

HUMANITY! the beloved Daughter of GOD! having deſcended from the heavenly manſions to viſit the Temple of Hymen! and having bound up with peaceful bands the infernal implements of war, ſits down on a noble lion, *(now, alas! couchant, with his tail and his ears cut off)* and weeps at the wickedneſs, folly, or infatuation of the kings and people of the earth, and at the dreadful havock which luxury, and wanton unneceſſary wars have made among the more innocent part of the human ſpecies.

Attend

Attend O ye Kings of the Earth! hearken O ye People! commiſſioned by the Eternal Sovereign of the Univerſe!!! the Guardian Angel of the Hymeneal Temple maketh the following Declaration;

THAT men and women, when beautiful and virtuous—when peaceful and active, they are the chief ornaments of nature! the nobleſt work of God!! Such, therefore, by multiplying their ſpecies, aggrandize, if poſſible, the Creator! becauſe they increaſe the number of the moſt precious of his Works.——But when woman departs from herſelf—when ſhe puts off the divine delicacy of her ſex—when ſhe emulates not the character which

Solo-

Solomon gives of a virtuous woman,* ſhe ceaſes to be the firſt and the faireſt of GOD's Works:—ſhe deſcends from her rank in the creation;—man's ſoul and body no longer pant, with eager-trembling delight, to aſſimilate her to his inmoſt boſom—nor does he any longer look up to her as he would to a Being of the ſweeteſt, lovelieſt, and moſt celeſtial order.

When man too, whoſe real happineſs is derived from thoſe purſuits which cannot be attended to but in PEACE, namely, the enlargement and elevation of the mind—the extenſion of commerce—the encouragement of agriculture and mechanics—and the cultivation of the uſeful, polite, and liberal arts!——when he is mad enough

* Proverbs, chap. xxxi. verſe 10.

to relinquiſh thoſe *truly noble* purſuits, and indeed every real good, by taking up arms to FIGHT,† at the command of a weak, avaricious, blood-thirſty, or ambitious *Man*, or ſet of men;—— when, incited by inſatiable avarice, or by deluſive ambition, which is ſtill more inſatiable, he renounces *Chriſtianity*, and all the fine feelings of humanity,—turning all his ſtrength againſt himſelf, his deſires centring in the deſtruction of his own ſpecies, which he will accompliſh at the expence of his own life, and even perhaps of the eternal ſalvation of his own ſoul, THEN man departs from the dignity of his rational nature;—he loſes his natural empire of the earth;—*every thing of value periſhing*——and ſhould he by chance ſurvive THESE days of blood

† See Buffon's Natural Hiſtory.

and

and carnage—of poverty, famine, horrors, and apprehenſion, when the deluſive expectation of riches has ſubſided —when the intoxicating fumes of what he fancied *his*, or his nation's glory are diſpelled—he ſurveys with a melancholy eye, ruin and deſolation on every hand—the arts buried—the fountains of commerce dried up—nations diſperſed —an enfeebled people—the ruin of his own happineſs—the extinction of true glory—and the annihilation of his real power!

O Thou Omnipotent and Eternal Fountain of Harmony, Peace, Goodneſs, and Glory! reſtore tranquility to the world—ſcatter or cut off the bloody minded—let the preſumptuous—the infernal tumults of war be diſpelled if poſſible for ever from the earth. Diffuſe univerſally, the divine ſentiments of humanity, PEACE, forbearance, and uni-

verſal religious toleration. Let hoſtile ſpirits be united and bound together with the ſilken bands of love and friendſhip; haſten the happy time, when Kings,—their Miniſters,—and their Parliaments *ſolemnly* declare, that they delight in Peace, and in the proſperity and happineſs of the People,——when at the ſame time, influenced by the Demons of ambition, avarice, perverſeneſs, and deſolation, they continue to thin the ranks of mankind, and ſend forth the ſheepiſhly paſſive, the thoughtleſsly zealous, and the bloody-minded, to devour the bread of the children of peace and induſtry; and with fire and ſword, to diſſeminate murders and devaſtations, horrors and anguiſh, famine, beggary, and bankruptcies throughout the world, —neglecting to cultivate and encourage commerce, manufactures, agriculture, —the uſeful, the liberal, and the healing arts, and the more important and ſub-

ſublime ſciences; and above all, neglecting wiſely to enact, and mildly yet effectually to enforce thoſe neceſſary laws, and that internal police, from which ſpring virtue, order, peace, confidence, wealth and happineſs, both public and private. O! haſten theſe thrice happy times, when man will no longer dread the aſpect of man;—— when his hand ſhall drop for ever the murdering ſteel;——when the devouring flames of war (always unneceſſary) ſhall no more dry up the ſources of generations;—when nature drooping and convulſed with the wickedneſs and folly of kings, and of their miniſters and people——and groaning as it were under the preſſure of ever-growing taxes and calamities, now ſterile and abandoned, ſhall reſume, with accumulated vigor and delight, her former peaceful fecundity;——and eſpecially, when the human ſpecies now degenerated, weakened, muti-

mutilated, disgraced, and prematurely mowed down,

TAUGHT IN THIS GENIAL TEMPLE!

shall germinate afresh, improve beyond comprehension, and multiply without number!——Then, O God, thou Perfection of every Excellence!!!——then, shall men and women resume the dignity of their nature!——the vice-gerency of the world—and enjoy in full measure, every happiness that Thou hast annexed to their intellectual, as well as to their corporeal Nature.

FINIS.